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## THE AZORES:



FAYAL.



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To set sail fairly, our acknowledgments for the Engravings on the annexed page are due to a *Description of the Azores* : By Captain Boid, author of *Travels through Sicily and the Lipari Islands*, &c.; illustrated with four effective lithographs, from drawings, by Admiral Sartorius. From the same source, also, we condense the subjoined descriptive particulars; our adoption of which may be taken as earnest of the high opinion we entertain of the interest and importance of Captain Boid's work, which is, altogether, one of the pleasantest books of the season.

The beautiful Azores, or Western Islands, form an archipelago in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, and occupying a line of 100 leagues from the W.N.W. to the E.S.E. between the latitudes of 36° 59' and 39° 44' north, and longitudes west of Greenwich, 31° 7' and 25° 10'. The Portuguese divide them into three groups; the first lying at the W.N.W. extremity of the archipelago, and including Flores and Corvo; the second, or central, Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira; and the third, at the E.S.E. extremity, the islands of St. Michael and St. Mary. The Azores lie nearer to Europe than America, and belong to the kingdom of Portugal. They were discovered at different periods, and received the appellation of Azores from the Portuguese navigators who first frequented them, having observed there, in great numbers, a large species of hawk, which the inhabitants called *Açor* or *Milhaffer*; soon afterwards the Portuguese called them *Ilhos dos Açores*, (or the islands of hawks,) which name has become their geographical term.

The climate of the Azores is delightful; there being a spring-like softness in the air, and the thermometer ranging from 50° to 75° throughout the year; so that there is neither intense heat nor cold. Still, the climate can scarcely be considered regular, heavy showers of rain being frequent; and Captain Boid estimates the decidedly fine days at about 200, and the wet ones at about 60. The islands are, likewise, subject to gusts and gales throughout the year; and another of their disadvantages, is a constant humidity, which soon destroys all metallic substances liable to rust. The several islands, with one exception, have been upraised from the sea by volcanic agency: they are, for the most part, hilly, with table lands from 2,000 to 5,000 feet in height, intersected by deep chasms; while the whole is bounded by magnificent mural precipices, rising abruptly from the sea. Caverns are very frequent, and the conic hills are, in many respects, craters of extinct volcanoes, the interiors of which, from 50 to 2,000 feet in depth, are

beautifully clothed with verdant heaths and shrubs. Hot springs are numerous, their maximum heat being about five degrees above boiling point; which serves to prove the permanent activity of the subterranean fires. Volcanic eruptions have been frequent, the first and latest being at the island of St. Michael, viz. that of 1445, which formed the lake of the seven cities, and that of 1811, which threw up the island of Sabrina, and which has since disappeared. Earthquakes are not uncommon; the islands most subject to them being Terceira, St. George, and Fayal, where long droughts, followed by heavy rains, are invariably the preceding symptoms. Agriculture is neglected in the Azores; but the soil would supply with grain five or six millions of inhabitants, instead of 200,000. Vines flourish, and are a profitable source of commerce; coffee and tobacco grow luxuriantly, as do the common and sweet potato, and the yam; while the myrtle grows in such abundance, that the juice expressed from its branches is used by the peasants for tanning their own leather. Fruits are neglected, but the luscious banana is plentiful. The hydrangea, geranium, and oleander, are of enormous growth; the fuchsia assumes an arborescent form; and the camellia japonica rises with the height and strength of a forest tree. Horses are rare; asses are very numerous, and are, with bullocks, the usual beasts of labour. Sheep are only bred for their wool, the inhabitants rarely eating the meat. Goats exist in myriads; and pigs and dogs swarm in the streets of the towns and villages. Birds resemble those of Europe: among the singing birds is the native Canary, which, Captain Boid says, is of a yellow brown colour. Of insects, the most profitable are the bee, the silkworm, and the cochineal. The adjacent seas abound with the spermaceti whale, the tunny, and the bonito; and the coasts supply fine fish as food. Together with a few cattle, the vegetable productions of the Azores constitute the principal source of their little trade, and consist of oranges and lemons, grain, and wine.

The governors of the Azores were a military delegate, bearing the title of Captain-general, two subordinate governors, and a military commandant to each of the islands, except Terceira, which was the seat of government. But salutary reform will probably be made in this administration of justice by the present government of Portugal, the mother country.

To these general features of the Azores, we shall append a few details of the islands of Fayal and St. Michael.

## FAYAL.

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*Faya*. This tree was first brought to England in the year 1777, and designated by its Portuguese cognomen, *Myrica Faya*, or Azorean Candleberry Myrtle. In the early history of Fayal, it is related that the squadrons of Raleigh and Essex made frequent descents on the island, destroying, on one occasion, the fortifications, carrying off the governor, and seizing on or burning the whole of a Spanish homeward-bound fleet from Mexico. In more modern times, it has been a place of rendezvous for American privateers, during our wars with that country.

The island of Fayal is twelve miles long, and ten broad. It has nearly a circular form, and rises from the sea, with gradual undulations terminating, at the S. E. side, in a lofty peak, nearly 3,000 feet high, having on its summit the crater of an ancient volcano. The soil is very fertile, yet scarcely one quarter of it is cultivated. The chief town is Horta, containing about 10,000 inhabitants.

The town stretches along the bottom of the bay, in beautiful amphitheatrical form, and is adorned with numerous convents and churches, surmounted by a sloping eminence, whereon conspicuously stands the once noble palace of the ex-Jesuits, (the most sumptuous erected by them in the Azores,) the splendid Carmelite monastery, with its Arabian turrets, and the convent of St. Antonio, perched on an isolated terrace to the right. These, blended with the neighbouring gardens and quintas, and their luxuriant plantations and orange groves, and terminated, in the background, by the distant peak of the caldeira, constitute a scene more resembling the dreams and fictitious beauties of an Arabian tale, than real existence. (*See the Engraving of Fayal, with Pico in the distance.*)

#### ST. MICHAEL'S.

The discovery of St. Michael's originated in the following circumstance:—A prisoner in the island of St. Mary having escaped to the mountains to evade punishment, during his fugitive sojourn observed, one fine evening, when the setting sun illumined the western horizon with his golden beams, the high, prominent peaks of this island, rising like pyramids out of the sea. In the hopes of obtaining a pardon as his reward, he lost no time in communicating the event to Cabral; and thus not only procured forgiveness for himself, but immediately awakened the spirit of research, so characteristic of that great navigator. Cabral forthwith equipped a vessel; and after two or three days beating against light contrary winds, effected a landing on the 8th of May, 1444; which day being the Catholic festival of the apparition of the archangel Michael, he, in commemoration, gave to the island the appellation it bears.

St. Michael's is forty-five miles long, and from six to twelve broad: its population amounts to 110,000 souls; but it would sustain a million of inhabitants. Its capital, Ponte Delgada, is the largest, most populous, and flourishing commercial city of the Azores. It contains 22,000 inhabitants, six churches, eight monasteries, four convents, and an English chapel. The town is surrounded by quintas, or orange plantations, mostly inclosed within high walls; and upwards of 120,000 boxes of oranges are exported yearly from the island.

Captain Boid describes the culture of the orange with interesting minuteness, which we must pass over to the more important features of St. Michael's. The roads of communication between all parts of the island, excepting in the vicinity of the capital, are rough goat-paths, inaccessible to any vehicle; and this at once prevents the possibility of interior traffic by the exchange of produce, interposing a formidable barrier to the progress of commerce and civilization. The agricultural resources of the country appear exhaustless: such, indeed, is the productiveness of the soil, that vegetation, whether cultivated or indigenous, is of surprising luxuriance. The grain crops are never known to fail; and even with the little agricultural industry that does exist, nearly 900,000 bushels of grain, independent of pulse of all sorts, are annually raised, one-third of which produce is exported to Europe. The Indian arrow-root grows every where in abundance, and is little inferior to that of Jamaica. The earth is covered with aromatic herbs and plants; and wild flowers spring up in all the splendour of cultivation. Captain Boid adds, "Were facility of intercourse established by the prosperity of the island, and were the purchase of land made easy, how admirably adapted for a vast horticultural establishment would St. Michael's become; where, through loveliness of climate, aided by the industry and scientific skill of our English gardeners, the fruits, plants, trees, and flowers peculiar to every part of the world, might be reared to perfection; and thus, by the rapid communication of steam-boats, the markets of England might be as regularly and cheaply supplied with the exotic productions of a tropical climate, as with those of her own. The rich and more delicious fruits of the warmer latitudes, together with the beautiful and hitherto rare specimens of the floral tribes, would find an easy transfer to our chilly shores." It is difficult to imagine how such advantages as these, of comparative proximity too, can be overlooked by emigrants.

From Maffra, the highest peak of St. Michael's, (between 3,000 and 4,000 feet in elevation,) may be enjoyed the whole outline of the island, with its remarkably character-

istic features, in a bird's-eye view. To the N.E. the mountains and hills are covered with wild verdure, and furrowed with dark, deep ravines, terminating in rich, sequestered valleys; whilst beneath, to the N.W. lies the highly cultivated but romantic scenery around Capellas; and, immediately to the east, the crater of the seven cities. The grandeur of the scene is heightened by the vast expanse of surrounding ocean, over which the eye wanders to the right, and meets the bold form of St. Mary's rising up from the horizon; while, to the left, appears the dusky outline of Terceira.

The general aspect of the island from the other heights, is alike curious, sublime, and picturesque: its diversity of hills, valleys, rocks, and ravines, together with the surrounding sea, presenting, at several points, a superabundance of pictorial beauty. The whole island has assumed a variety of appearances since it was first known, owing to the volcanic eruptions and violent earthquakes that have so frequently assailed and torn it to pieces. Every part exhibits traces of the agency of fire: the roads and paths are over cinders, pumice, or calcined stones. The walls of the quintas are formed of volcanic stones, and the houses are all built of lava. Yet, so rich and fertile is the soil in general, that, with a little industry, it might be rendered the most productive spot of the globe. (*See the second Engraving.*)

We can scarcely part from this attractive spot, without noticing the picturesque costume peculiar to St. Michael's; this, for the men, consists of a blue jacket, almost covered in front with buttons; a red, brown, or party-coloured waistcoat, with breeches unbuttoned at the knees, showing a pair of white drawers, which hang somewhat loosely beneath, with rude, long, leather gaiters, over shoes or raw hide sandals: the very singular hat called the carapuça, is made of felt, covered with coarse, blue cloth, and has a rim, (the upper part lined with red cloth,) six inches wide, terminating with a crescented gore in front, where the pointed ends of the gore are turned up, and have the appearance of horns; a broad, pendant lappet is attached to it behind, which covers the neck and shoulders. Over this costume is worn in cold weather, a long, blue cloak, which, with the tall, spike sticks the men usually carry, gives a most curious appearance to the general exterior of the peasantry of St. Michael's. 261

#### CELEBRATION OF EASTER.

In the early period of Christianity, (says a recent writer,) there were a variety of opinions concerning particular ceremonies and points of religious observation. Much unpleasant and unprofitable controversy attended this diversity of idea on subjects of general importance; and, amongst others, consider-

able dissension had taken place respecting the observance of Easter, and which disputing had continued for upwards of ninety years. This variance, (says the Venerable Bede,) not only made the people to doubt and fear, lest, bearing the name of Christians, they did, and had run in vain, as the Apostle speaketh; but also good King Oswy, of Northumberland, and learned Prince Alkfyrd, with Queen Lanfred, were much distracted and perplexed; for, by the variance then in dispute, it often happened that, in one year, two Easters were kept; for the King, breaking up his fast, and solemnizing the feast, the Queen, with Prince Alkfyrd, continued their fast, and kept that day their Palm Sunday. To conclude this contrariety, a synod was purposely called, and the question disputed by their best divines. The place was Stranshaleh, or Whitby, whereof Hilda was abbess. The chief parties for and against the accustomed time of keeping that fast, were King Oswy, and Prince Alkfyrd, his son. The disputants for Oswy and the established order, were Colman, Archbishop of York, and his Scottish clergy; and Hilda, the virtuous and learned Lady Abbess of the place, for Alkfyrd, the Queen, &c.; and for the attempted alterations, were Agilbert, Bishop of the West Saxons; Wilfred, Abbot of Rippon; with James and Romanus, two learned men; the Reverend Celda, newly consecrated Bishop, being appointed Prolocutor of the Assembly.

The convocation being seated, King Oswy made a solemn oration, wherein he urged a necessity, that those people who served one God, ought to celebrate his holy sacraments alike, and should keep one order and rule in the same; the truth of which service, and surcease of that long, unchristian variance for the Christian celebration and time of Easter, was then presently by those learned men to be handled, and by best approvers to be decided: whereupon he requested their utmost endeavours, and to that purpose, commanded his Archbishop, Colman, first to speak.

Colman then, with reverence, stood up and said: "The Easter which I observe I received from my forefathers, of whom I was consecrated and sent hither for your Bishop. They all, (you know,) were godly men, and observed the feast as we do now; neither think you they kept this tradition without sure warrant from greater than themselves, which was St. John the Evangelist, and the disciple whom Jesus especially loved, who, in the church which he himself planted, celebrated the feast of Easter as we do now. Therefore, knowing the man so worthy, and the manner so ancient, I hope you will confess it is not safe for us now to reject it."

"The Easter which we observe," answered Wilfred, "we ourselves have seen observed

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in Rome, where the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, lived, preached, suffered, and are buried; and in our travels through France and Italy, either for study, or upon pilgrimage, we have seen the same order kept; and we know by relation, that in Africk, Asia Egypt, and Greece, nay, throughout all nations and tongues in the world where Christ has his church, that this our time and order is observed. Shall then these obstinate Picts, (I mean the Britons,) and these remote islands in the ocean sea, fondly contend in this point against the whole world?"

Wilfred was here interrupted by Colman, who said, "I much marvel, brother, that you term our doings a fond contention, seeing we have for our warrant so worthy an apostle as John was, who only leaned upon our Lord's breast, and whose life and behaviour all the world acknowledgeth to be most wise and discreet."

"God forbid," said Wilfred, "that I should accuse John; but yet we know that he kept the decrees of Moses literally, and according to the Jewish laws; and so the rest of the Apostles were constrained in some things to do for the weakness of them who accounted it a great sin to abrogate those rights which God himself had instituted; and for that cause St. Paul did circumcise Timothy, offered bloody sacrifices in the temple, shaved his head at Corinth with Aquila and Priscilla; upon which consideration also, spake James unto Paul, 'You see, brother, how many thousands of the Jews have received the faith, and yet all of these are zealous followers of the law.' But the light of the Gospel now shineth through the world;—is it now lawful for any Christian to be circumcised, or to offer up bloody sacrifices of beasts? St. John, therefore, according to the custom of the law, in the fourteenth day of the first month, at even, began the celebration of Easter's festivity, regardless whether it fell upon the Sabbath-day, or any other of the week. But St. Paul, preaching the Gospel in Rome, remembering that our Lord arose from his grave the first day after the Sabbath, giving thereby unto us certain assurances of our resurrection, observed the feast of Easter according to the commandment of the law he looked for, even as St. John did; that is to say, the first Sabbath after the full moon of the first month. Neither doth this new observation of the Gospel and Apostle's practice, break the old law, but rather fulfil it; for the Lord commanded the pass-over to be kept from the fourteenth day of the month to the twenty-one of the same; and this hath the Nicene council not newly decreed, but rather confirmed, as the Ecclesiastical history witnesseth, that this is that true observation of Easter, and all Christians, after this account, to be celebrated;" and thereupon charged Bishop Colman, that

he neither observed it according to John nor Peter.

To this the Bishop replied, "That Autholius, for his holiness much commended by the said Ecclesiastical History, and Columba, a father of like sanctity, by whom miracles were wrought, kept the feast according as he did then, from whose imitation he durst not digress."

"Your fathers," said Winfred, "which you pretend to follow, how holy soever they be, and what miracles soever they have wrought, yet this I answer, that in the day of judgment, many shall say unto Christ, that they have prophesied, cast out devils, and wrought miracles in his name; to whom the Lord will answer, 'I know ye not:' and if your father Columba were holy, and mighty in miracles, yet can he by no means be preferred to the most blessed Prince of the Apostles, unto whom our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.'"

Then the King asked the Bishop Colman, "whether our Lord indeed spake thus unto Peter?" He answered, "He did."

"But can you," said the King, "give evidence of a special authority granted to your father Columba?" The Bishop replied, "No."

"Then," said the King, "do ye both agree confidently that these words were principally spoken unto Peter, and that unto him the keys of the kingdom of Heaven were given?" They all answered, "It is most certain."

Upon which the King instantly concluded this great controversy, and said, "Then will I not gainsay such a porter as this Peter; but as far as I know, and am able, I will covet in all points to obey his ordinance; lest, perhaps, when I come to the doors of Heaven, I find none to open unto me, having his displeasure, which is so clearly proved to bear the keys thereof."

And with this simply, King Oswy concluded this long and great contention for the celebration of Easter, and to the reconciliation of all parties, to the time appointed by St. Peter.

W. G. C.

### The Sketch-Book.

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF MR. JONATHAN WILDE, THE YOUNGER.

[This lively sketch forms one of the chapters of the *Exile of Erin; or, the Sorrows of a Bashful Man*, already noticed.]

I AM a zealous advocate for family pride, which, I think, you will scarcely wonder at, when you hear the name of the individual whom I have the honour to call great-grandfather. By my father's side I can boast no

illustrious pedigree; but my mother was lineally descended from the renowned Jonathan Wilde; and was the only sister of four brothers, all men of capacity in their line, but all equally unfortunate. The eldest of these worthies (pardon my prolixity, but I love to talk of my ancestors) was transferred from his happy home at Whitechapel to Botany Bay; the second died of a broken heart in Horsemonger-lane; the third fell a victim to a severe cold, caught while gazing at one of the prettiest prospects in all Berks from a damp pillory; while the fourth got his head accurately bisected at an Irish wedding.

By these successive calamities, added to the premature death of both my parents, I was left with nothing but ten remarkably docile fingers to rely on for support. Luckily, however, there dwelt in my neighbourhood a certain butcher, who observing, what he called, my "predicament," took me into his employ as an errand-boy; and shortly afterwards, fancying that he discovered in me evidences of superior genius, he despatched me to a neighbouring grammar-school, where I soon became distinguished by my thirst for letters, inasmuch as I had got the *Forty Thieves* and the *Newgate Calendar* by heart—two works which made a deep impression on my youthful mind.

I had remained but two years at school, when I was expelled, together with a lad named Fusby, for tying crackers to my master's coat-tail. The joke scarcely merited such retribution, so by way of revenge, and also as a pleasing memento of my school-boy days, I abstracted the pedagogue's watch and seals; after which I wrote him a courteous but spirited note, wherein I assured him that my mind soared far above the idea of dependence, and that in future I should look on myself as my own master.

You will scarcely believe that for this harmless frolic, I was taken up—tried—tied to a cart's tail—flogged—rubbed down with vinegar—put into the black-hole to dry—and then imprisoned for three tedious months; at the expiration of which time, finding myself independent alike of money, prospects, and connexions, I was compelled, in self-defence, to commence business as a conveyancer.

"It was at the Surrey Theatre—I linger on the recollection with a pleasing melancholy—that I made my first appearance as an artist in this line. The house was crowded, and as good luck would have it, I chanced to stand next an asthmatic old man, to whom I imparted my suspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hastened to prove the fact by decamping with his snuff-box.

This exploit at once got me into repute among my contemporary artists, and inspired me with such self-confidence, that for upwards of a twelvemonth afterwards I wrought successfully, night and day, at my new voca-

tion; and one evening, on the steps of the Opera House, had the honour of a personal interview with the Prince Regent.

In attempting to ease his Royal Highness of a remarkably handsome gold snuff-box, I happened to make a false step and stumble up against him, whereupon he turned round with a smile, and made me such a gracious bow, that I have been the most loyal of men ever since.

It was at this period of my life that I became acquainted with the immortal Ikev Singleton. We shook hands (strange enough!) in the coat-pockets of a clergyman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the dress-boxes in Covent-garden, and against whom our professional dexterity was at one and the same moment employed. Ikev was a great man; still I cannot but think he was over-rated. Certes, his mode of effecting transfers was prompt and intelligent; but it wanted originality. You might know him any where by his style. With his contemporary, Slender Billy, it was otherwise. He was all versatility, and had the finest conception of a burglary, of any man I ever met with.

But to return from this digression, into which I have been led by my respect for departed genius. Scarcely had I achieved notoriety by the felonious capabilities of my fingers, when my mind, fitted for nobler pursuits, began to languish for pre-eminence in the higher branches of the profession. Ah! ambition has been my ruin, as it has been that of many a great man before me. On sounding my old school-fellow, Fusby, on the subject, he readily entered into my feelings, and agreed to join me in an attempt on a house in Brunswick-square, where I had previously ascertained that a rich old bachelor resided.

Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a lodgment in his kitchen; but unluckily, while we were ascending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery girl, who, unperceived, had watched our motions, assailed us both with her fists in so cowardly and unprovoked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. Detection was the inevitable consequence. Fusby, however, escaped by turning king's evidence, while I was tried, convicted, and transferred to his Majesty's colony at Botany Bay, where I was immediately placed in the service of a Scotch emigrant, who held vast pasturages in the neighbourhood of Sydney.

I cannot say much for the society in this quarter of the globe. Your Australian colonist is, at best, but semi-barbarous,—so much so, that whenever I chanced to fall in with a kangaroo, I invariably made a point of taking off my hat to him, to mark my sense of his superior intelligence and respectability. Conceive the innate vulgarity of a wretch who

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could think of nothing better for me to do, than associate with his own sheep! Yet this was my sole occupation. From morning till night did my master compel me to keep company with his Merinos, till at length—such is the force of habit—I actually began to “ba-a” in my sleep, as naturally as if I had been a ram.

For many wearisome months I submitted to this monster’s tyranny with the meek resignation of a Christian, but when, not content with making me do duty as a sheep-dog, he set me also to superintend the education of his pigs—by Jove! I could stand it no longer; so seizing the first favourable opportunity of flight, I set off for Cape Howe, whence I secretly embarked in a free trader bound for England.

The voyage home was long and stormy, and our little vessel went staggering over the Pacific, just as if she were dead drunk. For weeks together I was constantly dripping like a parish pump, and knew not what it was to eat a meal in safety. You see this scar on my left cheek. It was made by a fork, which, taking a slanting direction, one squally day at dinner, when I was attempting to convey a small bit of stale pork to my mouth, ran clean through, and, I fear, has spoiled my beauty for life. But this is a trifle. The worst is to come.

Late one night I was roused from an uneasy slumber, by the cry of “breakers, ahead!” and, on rushing on deck, found the ship in strong hysterics, kicking and plunging, and groaning, among a cluster of sharp, white, jagged rocks. Ah! sir, that was an awful spectacle, worse even than the black cap on a Judge’s head! The waves ran mountains high; and as each fresh one broke over us, our poor little vessel trembled from stem to stern, and finally went to pieces; while I, after floating about some time on the fragment of a mast, was lifted up by an enormous billow, and hurled far on land in a state of utter insensibility.

On recovering consciousness, I found myself stretched on a sandy coast, surrounded by a host of peculiarly loquacious savages, who, as I afterwards learned, were discussing the interesting point, as to whether or not, they should eat me! Fortunately, the humane interference of one of the chief’s wives—I was always a favourite with the ladies—saved my life; and, instead of being cooked myself, I was taken up into the country, and set to cook for others.

Folks in England are in the habit of talking of savages, as wholly uncivilized. Never was such arrant presumption! They defraud—bully—lie—and make war upon each other—quite as readily as we do here; and, in point of manual dexterity, might put to shame the best-instructed artist in the metropolis. I assure you, I felt quite humiliated to think,

after all my practice, how much I had still to learn in this respect.

You wonder, no doubt, why I quitted such a civilized people. My reason was this: when I had remained with them the best part of a year, I began to acquire such a plump and tempting rotundity, as to excite the epicurean propensities of the high priest—a noted cannibal—and not relishing the idea of being served up, hot and smoking, at one of his dinner parties, (for he was remarkably hospitable, and gave capital entertainments,) I made no more ado, but hurried off to the sea-coast; where, a few days afterwards, I was discovered by the crew of a homeward-bound English merchantman, which had put in there for fresh water, and safely conveyed to Liverpool; from which place I instantly made the best of my way to the metropolis.

Here, for four subsequent years, my professional tact, sharpened by experience, enabled me to live in comfort, if not in affluence. Like my illustrious ancestor, too, I became the captain of as choice a gang of spirits as ever rode a mare foaled of an acorn; assisted by whom I levied contributions on all classes with an impartiality which I shall ever reflect on with satisfaction. But where, you will ask, are all these great men now? Alas! one languishes in the hulks at Woolwich; another treads the horrid flats of Australia; a third takes compulsory exercise at Brixton; a fourth,—but I have no heart to proceed. I must weep awhile.

The rest of my tale is brief. My gang dispersed—my person proscribed—my fame blown far and wide—I was compelled to quit London and seek some more fitting scene of action. This I fondly hoped I had found in Humbug. But the eye of the law—or as our friend Justinian would say, of destiny—was on me; and scarcely had I resumed business, when I was taken up, convicted, and—here I am in prison. And thus conclude the adventures of the last and least worthy of the Wildes.

## The Naturalist.

### A PARASITE TREE.

LIEUTENANT LONG, of the United States’ Artillery, has communicated to *Silliman’s Journal*, No. 53, the following details of this phenomenon, in Mr. Gee’s plantation, three mile south of Quincy, Gadsden County, Tallahassee, Florida.

It is a yellow pine tree bearing another in a perfectly healthful and flourishing state, like itself, and those in the woods around them. The trees, as represented in this sketch, are united about thirty-five feet from the ground, where they entwine around each other. The one that is borne (marked 1), extends down to within about two feet of the



(Parasite Tree.)

ground, and is alive and healthful to its lowest extremity.

These trees have been, in the condition in which they now are, for a period longer back than the first settlement of the country by the present population. They were pointed out by the Indians as a curiosity to the first Americans who came to Florida. The stump of the tree which is borne, has long since disappeared, and the place which it occupied is now grown up in small bushes and grass.

### New Books.

ARFWEDSON'S TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

(Continued from page 173.)

[We continue our gleanings from this excellent work, which must be acceptable to every candid reader.]

#### Philadelphia Waterworks.

Philadelphia's boast, that of which the inhabitants may justly be proud, is the waterworks at Fair Mount, which supply all parts of the city with abundance of excellent water, for the consumption of private houses, as well as for the cleansing of the streets, and for extinguishing fires whenever they happen. The eminence, called Fair Mount, lies close to the city, and rises from the banks of the Schuylkill. A place more suitable for this purpose could not have been selected. The stream is conducted through a dam to a kind of

basin, near the foot of the eminence, where several large wheels are worked by the mass of water. These wheels, in turn, put in motion a number of pumps, the aggregate power of which is so great that, when all the wheels are going, a quantity of water, equal to seven millions of gallons, is raised in the course of twenty-four hours. Upon the eminence, the water is collected in reservoirs, containing nearly twelve millions of gallons. It is conducted hence to the city by means of pipes, which, like the veins in the human body, serpentine in various directions; it is at last brought to the houses, and circulates under the streets. By this excellent arrangement, plugs, placed purposely at regular distances, need only be opened, and all quarters are supplied. This simple aqueduct cost the city no less than one million seven hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars; the annual expense, which is proportionably trifling, is borne by every housekeeper, who has on the other hand the great convenience of water in every part of the house, even in the garret. In fine, nothing in or about Philadelphia deserves more to be seen than these waterworks.

#### Election of President.

The President and Vice-President of the United States are, as it is well-known, elected to their respective offices for a period of four years. In Pennsylvania, the election takes place in the following manner: four months before the duties of the office are entered upon, electors are chosen by the people, who afterwards vote. A similar day of election took place on the 2nd of November in Philadelphia. The friends of the respective candidates, Jackson, Clay, and Wirt, had, during the preceding week, used every exertion to influence voters to avail themselves of their privilege. No pains had been spared, and no inducement neglected. In England, where I have likewise attended popular elections, the zeal of the friends of the candidates is certainly very great; but in America it is carried to a still higher pitch. Both old and young, poor and rich, men and women, feel such an intense interest in the issue of the contest, that the least result which an impartial foreigner can possibly expect is, the dissolution of the Union, effusion of blood, and civil war. Whichever way I turned, I heard the severest censure directed by one party against the other. In one place, appeared a number of Clay-men attacking and tearing down the hickory trees.\* In

\* A kind of walnut tree, distinguished for its toughness and durability. President Jackson went always among the lower classes by the name of Old Hickory. The reason is variously stated. Some pretend that he obtained this nickname after a victory gained at a place called "Hickory Ground." Others assert that the quality of the wood is applicable to his character. I cannot say which of these versions is the correct one.

another, seen da the stree Not far whose belonged their an observed politician on the b certain d less qual duplicity other tw ing poli holding new adth false sta the oppo

The S certain d on the s district extensive into war missioner Statehou of the da own part trees fro proached to give a on which scribed, understo long to ti name are that the know the doubt ari the comm ing upon receipts thronged the three only by th and whic about in cards had the presi printed e the boxes and sever away from disfigured day unin at night treat was other par in every sounds w of an ene caused a late in th transparen



another, a numerous and savage mob was seen dancing round similar trees erected in the streets, calling out—"Jackson for ever!" Not far off, a procession of anti-masons, to whose party the last-mentioned candidate belonged, was seen moving and laughing at their antagonists. In another group, were observed a number of the most influential politicians in the city, haranguing the people on the brilliant prospects of their cause, the certain defeat of their opponents, the matchless qualifications of their candidate, and the duplicity, vacillation, and deception, of the other two. It was evident, that the prevailing policy was to keep up party spirit by holding forth encouragement, and to acquire new adherents, either by the propagation of false statements or by attempting to frighten the opponents.

The State of Pennsylvania is divided into certain districts, where elections take place on the same day. Philadelphia constitutes a district of itself. The city, however, is so extensive, that it is necessary to subdivide it into wards, to facilitate the elections. Commissioners from each ward assemble in the Statehouse at eight o'clock in the morning of the day appointed. Each of them had his own particular box placed near the avenue of trees fronting the house. The voters approached these boxes whenever they wished to give a vote, and delivered a printed card, on which the names of the electors were inscribed, and signed by the voter. It being understood that none except those who belong to the ward of which the box bears the name are allowed to vote, it may be supposed that the person who receives the vote must know the respective voters. But, if any doubt arise as to the eligibility of the party, the commissioner has the privilege of insisting upon his oath, and the production of receipts for paid taxes. Before the boxes thronged a number of people belonging to the three aspiring candidates, distinguished only by the different names on voting cards, and which were pasted on boards and carried about in the shape of flags. Some of these cards had the portraits of the candidates for the presidency; on others were written or printed eulogies of them. The conflict near the boxes was often attended with bloodshed, and several of the combatants were carried away from the field of battle wounded and disfigured. These fights continued the whole day uninterruptedly; and about ten o'clock at night the boxes were shut up, when a retreat was effected by the straggling party to other parts of the city. The uproar spread in every direction; yells and discordant sounds were heard in all parts; the arrival of an enemy, or of the plague, could not have caused a greater disturbance. I took a walk late in the evening to look at the different transparencies which each party had exhibit-

ed before their committee-rooms. An attack perfectly organized, took place on one of these rooms, and the assault was only repulsed by the besieged after a most obstinate resistance, when about fifty wounded were left on the field of battle. These scenes did not end till morning.

On the following day, the inhabitants of the city were officially informed that the anti-Jackson party had a majority in Philadelphia of about one thousand nine hundred votes. Returns were also transmitted from different parts of the State in the course of this and the following day, showing the issue of the election; but, when all these were summed up at last, Jackson's party appeared to have the ascendancy, and his election in Pennsylvania was consequently secured. This result, quite contrary to the wishes of the majority in Philadelphia, did not, however, create any disturbance among the party who but a few evenings before had displayed an almost revolutionary zeal in the cause, and actually shed blood to secure victory over the Jackson men. On the contrary, they heard the announcement of their defeat with a composure worthy of imitation; I observed even some, who had commanded at the late attack on the committee-room, laugh at the issue of the election.

#### *Fire at Richmond Theatre.*

During one of my rambles in the city, I met with one of the most affecting mausoleums I had seen since my arrival in America. In an open colonnade, near the front of the Episcopal Church, and directly opposite to the entrance, is a sarcophagus, on which a great number of names are inscribed. It is a monument commemorative of a dreadful event which occurred here on the never-to-be-forgotten evening of the 26th of December, 1811.

On the same place where the church and the monument now stand was formerly a theatre, where the first and most enlightened society in Virginia once found an agreeable recreation. A play was performed on that very evening, the name of which I cannot recollect, but which was extremely popular at the time. Many of the first families in town attended the performance: the house was filled with all the talent, beauty, virtue, and knowledge, that Richmond could boast of. In the midst of the performance, at the moment, perhaps, when the feelings of the audience were excited to the highest pitch—for thus Fate often sports with men—a loud cry of "Fire!" was heard. Panic-stricken, the whole assembly rushed towards the doors; but—great God! shall I continue to describe the last act of this tragic scene? Enough—they met the flames at the entrance—few ventured to brave them—some flocked together—their piercing cries and lamentations

reaching even the ears of friends and relatives who had remained at home—smoke and flames enveloped the house sooner than could have been expected—a low murmur was heard from the interior of the building—relatives and friends rushed frantically to the spot—a thunder-crash suddenly drowned the roaring of the fire and the crackling of the beams—the smoke took another direction as if in fear—a single immeasurable flame rose towards the dark heavens, and its light was more than sufficient to show to the horror-stricken multitude that walls and roof had irretrievably buried the unfortunate victims in their ruins.

A church was afterwards erected on the ruins of the former theatre; and, to remind those who enter the temple to worship God that about one hundred and twenty fellow-creatures here met a premature death, this monument was placed so conspicuously before the gate to the church that no one can go in without passing it. What an awful memento to sinners of the suddenness of death, often occurring when least expected, and in the midst of earthly enjoyments!

#### Cotton Culture.

Cotton grows on short stalks, in pods or balls, which burst, like the buds of flowers, when the cotton is ripe. In the spring it is planted as thickly as possible; but, as soon as the plants grow up a little, the field is cleared of weeds, and they are left at a certain distance from each other. The flower is yellow, red, or white, according to the quality of the cotton; the best is snow-white, and in appearance like the lily. Like the sunflower, it follows the direction of the sun: in two days it generally withers. Negroes are employed in gathering and collecting the cotton in baskets, after which it is put into an iron machine in the form of a wheel, worked by horses, which separates the cotton from the seed. In this wheel there are several parallel spouts, set with small teeth, before which the cotton is laid, and by the motion of the wheel it is drawn between them, and then passes through the spouts till the seed is completely separated from it.

The cotton is now received into another wheel, also worked by horses, which cleanses it from every species of impurity by means of fine brushes placed within it. A press is afterwards employed to pack it into bales, and in this state it is sent to market. In many places it is usual to manure the fields with the seed not used for sowing; but of late years experience has taught the planters to set a higher value on it, as it contains a considerable quantity of oil, which is extracted by pressure, and is suitable both for burning and painting. This oil may, in the course of years, become an additional source of wealth to the planters.

### Retrospective Gleanings.

#### THE LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

[Mr. MURRAY has commenced the publication of his drawing-room or parlour-window edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in excellent taste; and, if fine printing, embellishments, and pretty binding can attract, he must be successful. The object of the undertaking is, to publish "all the existing materials for the biography of Dr. Johnson, together with copious illustrations, critical, explanatory, and graphical," the whole to be comprised in eight volumes. In the portion before us, the new notes are in abundant addition to those of Mr. Croker, who, it was thought, had exhausted the stock of annotations. The embellishments of this volume are, a whole-length portrait of Dr. Johnson, p. xx.; the other engravings are, the House in which Johnson was born, (also engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xx. p. 257,) and Tunbridge Wells in 1748, (engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 65.) The *Life* extends to 1753, or the Doctor's forty-fourth year. In the Appendix are some Notices of Michael Johnson, father of the Doctor; and an entertaining Account of the early *Life* of Dr. Johnson, written by himself, and thus annotated by the Editor.]

From a little volume published in 1805, and now become scarce, entitled, "An Account of the *Life* of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year, written by himself: to which are added, Original Letters to Dr. Johnson, by Miss Hill Boothby; from the MSS. preserved by the Doctor, and now in possession of Richard Wright, surgeon, of Lichfield."—"This volume, (says the Editor,) was among that mass of papers which were ordered to be committed to the flames a few days before Dr. Johnson's death, thirty-two pages of which were torn out by himself, and destroyed. Francis Barber, his black servant, unwilling that all the MSS. of his illustrious master should be utterly lost, preserved these relics from the flames. By purchase they came into the possession of the Editor."

[From this Autobiographical Fragment, we quote a few fragments.]

#### III. 1711-12.

This year, in Lent, —12, I was taken to London, to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne. My mother was at Nicholson's, the famous bookseller, in Little Britain.\* I always retained some memory of this journey, though I was then but thirty months old. I remembered a little dark room behind the kitchen, where the jack-weight

\* My mother, then with child, concealed her pregnancy, that she might not be hindered from the journey.—*Orig.*

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—CROKER

fell through a hole in the floor, into which I once slipped my leg.\*

I remember a boy crying at the palace when I went to be touched. Being asked, "on which side of the shop was the counter?" I answered, on the left from the entrance," many years after, and spoke, not by guess, but by memory. We went in the stage-coach, and returned in the wagon, as my mother said, because my cough was violent. The hope of saving a few shillings was no slight motive; for she, not having been accustomed to money, was afraid of such expenses as now seem very small. She sewed two guineas in her petticoat, lest she should be robbed.

We were troublesome to the passengers; but to suffer such inconveniences in the stage-coach was common in these days to persons in much higher rank.† She bought me a small silver cup and spoon, marked SAM. I., lest, if they had been marked S. I., which was her name, they should, upon her death, have been taken from me. She bought me a speckled linen frock, which I knew afterwards by the name of my London frock. The cup was one of the last pieces of plate which dear Tetty‡ sold in our distress. I have now the spoon. She bought at the same time two tea-spoons, and till my manhood she had no more.

My father considered tea as very expensive, and discouraged my mother from keeping company with the neighbours, and from paying visits, or receiving them. She lived to say, many years after, that if the time were to pass again, she would not comply with such unsocial injunctions.§

I suppose that, in this year, I was first informed of a future state. I remember, that being in bed with my mother one morning, I was told by her of the two places to which the inhabitants of this world were received after death: one a fine place filled with happiness, called Heaven; the other, a sad place, called Hell. That this account much affected my imagination, I do not remember. When I was risen, my mother bade me repeat what she had told me to Thomas Jack-

son. When I told this afterwards to my mother, she seemed to wonder that she should begin such talk so late as that the first time could be remembered.

[Here there is a chasm of thirty-eight pages in the manuscript.]—examination. We always considered it as a day of ease; for we made no preparation, and indeed were asked commonly such questions as we had been asked often before, and could regularly answer. But I believe it was of use at first.

On Thursday night, a small portion of *Æsop* was learned by heart, and on Friday morning, the lessons in *Æsop* were repeated; I believe, not those in *Helvicius*. On Friday afternoon, we learned *Quæ Genus*; I suppose that other boys might say their repetition; but of this I have now no distinct remembrance. To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleasing; and *As in Præsentia* was, I know not why, always disgusting.

When we learned our *Accidence* we had no parts, but, I think, two lessons. The boys that came to school untaught read the *Accidence* twice through before they learned it by heart.

When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the *Accidence*; when we learned *As in Præsentia*, our parts were in the *Accidence* and *Propria quæ Maribus*; when we learned *Syntaxis*, in the former three. *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I used to repeat it to my mother and Tom Johnson; and remember that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, "*Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba*," in a dream.

On Saturday, as on Thursday, we were examined. We were sometimes on one of those days, asked our *Catechism*, but with no regularity or constancy.

I had the curiosity, two or three years ago, to look over Garretson's *Exercises*, Willymot's *Particles*, and Walker's *Exercises*; and found very few sentences that I should have recollected if I had found them in any other books. That which is read without pleasure is not often recollected nor infix by conversation, and therefore in a great measure drops from the memory. Thus it happens that those who are taken early from school, commonly lose all that they had learned.

I was with Hawkins but two years, and perhaps four months. The time, till I had computed it, appeared much longer by the multitude of novelties which it supplied, and of incidents, than in my thoughts important, it produced. Perhaps it is not possible that any other period can make the same impression on the memory.

#### X. 1719.

This Whitsuntide, I and my brother were sent to pass some time at Birmingham; I

\* I seem to remember, that I played with a string and a bell, which my cousin Isaac Johnson gave me; and that there was a cat with a white collar, and a dog, called Chops, that leaped over a stick; but I know not whether I remember the thing, or the talk of it.—Orig.

† I was sick; one woman fondled me, the other was disgusted.—Orig.

‡ His wife, whom he called by this familiar contraction of Elizabeth.—CROKER.

§ When Dr. Johnson, at an advanced age, recorded all these minute circumstances, he contemplated, we are told, writing the history of his own life; and probably intended to develop, from his own infant recollections, the growth and powers of the faculty of memory, which he possessed in so remarkable a degree. From the little details of his domestic history, he perhaps meant also to trace the progressive change in the habits of the middle classes of society.—CROKER.

believe, a fortnight. Why such boys were sent to trouble other houses, I cannot tell. My mother had some opinion that much improvement was to be had by changing the mode of life. My uncle Harrison was a widower; and his house was kept by Sally Ford, a young woman of such sweetness of temper, that I used to say she had no fault. We lived most at uncle Ford's, being much caressed by my aunt, a good-natured, coarse woman, easy of converse, but willing to find something to censure in the absent. My uncle Harrison did not much like us, nor did we like him. He was a very mean and vulgar man, drunk every night, but drunk with little drink, very peevish, very proud, very ostentatious, but luckily, not rich. At my aunt Ford's I eat so much of a boiled leg of mutton,\* that she used to talk of it. My mother, who had lived in a narrow sphere, and was then affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten. Her mind, I think, was afterwards much enlarged, or greater evils wore out the care of less.

I stayed after the vacation was over some days; and remember, when I wrote home, that I desired the horses to come on Thursday of the first school week; and then, and not till then, they should be welcome to go. I was much pleased with a rattle to my whip, and wrote of it to my mother.

When my father came to fetch us home, he told the ostler, that he had twelve miles home, and two boys under his care. This offended me. He had then a watch,† which he returned when he was to pay for it.

In making, I think, the first exercise under Holbrook, I perceived the power of continuity of attention, of application not suffered to wander or to pause. I was writing at the kitchen windows, as I thought, alone, and, turning my head, saw Sally dancing. I went on without notice, and had finished almost without perceiving that any time had elapsed. This close attention I have seldom in my whole life obtained.

\* All these trifles—since Dr. Johnson in the height of his fame, (for the Account must have been written subsequent to 1768,) thought them worth recording—appear worth quoting. His voracious love of a leg of mutton adhered to him through life; and the prophecy of his mother, that it never would be forgotten, is realized in a way the good woman could not have anticipated.—CHOKER.

† The convenience of a watch, now so general, Dr. Johnson himself, as Sir J. Hawkins reports, (p. 460,) did not possess till 1768.—CHOKER.

## The Public Journals.

### THE SILENT JUDGE.

#### A Sicilian Fact.

A MALTESE judge of the last century, named Cambo, who was an early riser, having left his bed one morning before sunrise, hearing

the footsteps of people running violently in the street, was led by curiosity to see what occasioned it at that unusual hour. Most of the houses in Valletta are furnished with balconies, covered and glazed, which, when provided with curtains, permit the inhabitants, if inclined, to observe what is going on in the street, without being themselves discovered. The judge from one of these, though it was not yet daylight, perceived a man running in great terror from another, who followed him close behind. Directly under the judge's window, the pursuer overtook the flyer, and stabbed him; the wounded man reeled and fell; in the act of striking, it is to be remarked, the assassin's cap fell off, so that the judge had an opportunity of viewing his features in the increasing daylight; hastily recovering it, he instantly took to flight. A few paces farther on he threw away the sheath of his stiletto, and turned into another street; the judge consequently lost sight of him. Scarcely had he witnessed this extraordinary spectacle, than a baker with his basket of bread for the daily consumption of his customers made his appearance. As he walked leisurely along, the sheath of the stiletto, which lay in his path, caught his eye; he stooped, took it up, and after examining it a little, put it into his pocket, and continued his course. Just then a patrol of the police, either by accident, or drawn by the noise which had attracted the attention of the judge, entered the same street. In the mean time, the baker a little lower came to the body of the person just assassinated; the police took the same direction, and the poor man at this instant perceived them behind him; terrified at the sight of the corpse, and fearful of being suspected and arrested, he lost all presence of mind, and hid himself in the entrance of a gentleman's house near the spot; but he had not escaped the quick eye of the officers; they had seen a figure, which disappeared suddenly near the murdered person, whom they also now discovered, and very naturally conjecturing it was the assassin, began to search for him carefully on all sides, as they knew he had not run off; it was not long before they detected the unfortunate baker in his hiding-place; his incoherent and confused replies increased suspicion; on searching him they found the sheath on his person; the stiletto had fallen from the wound, and lay near the body; on applying it to the sheath they found it corresponded exactly, and less than all these circumstances would have warranted the arrest of the poor baker; he was accordingly carried to prison, and public report gave out that he was undoubtedly the murderer; nor was this prepossession any way contradicted or removed by the judge, who, though he had witnessed the whole occurrence, kept it a profound secret in his own breast. Official report was

made to still he The onl ordinar criminal the exist ought to of a cas gether t witness on the tr mation h other sou of Camb rule and The unb to trial. him; the cence, p noted all at length satisfacti gather s tion, but formality ordinary establish the day, semi-proc supply th forced co ordered t question. this proc his duty that the persist in afford hi proof of but he from the the tortur so cruelly the second ing to the cation of that he v the appre of his su receive c not retrac No altern left to the Here was victed, all in fact, he been so i judge fou far to retr may, the death, an derwent t It was was brow arrested, i

made to him within an hour after the event—still he communicated the fact to no one. The only way of accounting for his extraordinary conduct is, that he presided in the criminal court, and that there was a doubt in the existing jurisprudence, how far a judge ought to act from his own private knowledge of a case, and whether he ought not altogether to limit himself to the deposition of witnesses and other evidence brought forward on the trial, without any reference to information he might have casually received from other sources. The dull and heavy intellect of Cambo, unable to distinguish between the rule and the exception, embraced this opinion. The unhappy baker was in due time brought to trial. Circumstances were certainly against him; the stupid judge, who knew his innocence, patiently listened to, and punctually noted all the apparent proofs of his guilt, and at length, to do him justice, perceived with satisfaction that the evidence was not altogether sufficiently conclusive for condemnation, but determined to proceed with all due formality, and not to deviate an iota from the ordinary routine of the court, according to the established practice of the Maltese code of the day, which, in cases of *semi-prova*, or semi-proof, preposterously endeavoured to supply the deficiencies of evidence by the forced confession of the criminal himself, he ordered the wretched man to be put to the question. Imagining, in his infatuation, by this proceeding, to reconcile what he esteemed his duty with his conscience, he conceived that the prisoner being really innocent, would persist in asserting himself to be so, and thus afford him an opportunity of declaring the proof of his crime not sufficiently made out; but he was mistaken. Relaxing nothing from the customary procedure of the court, the torture, which was that of the cord, was so cruelly and unmercifully applied, that at the second fall, the wretched creature, yielding to the pain caused by the complete dislocation of both shoulders, calling out loudly that he was guilty. So terrified was he by the apprehension of a continuation or renewal of his suffering, that when taken down to receive condemnation as convicted, he durst not retract his forced and false confession. No alternative was now, in his own opinion, left to the scrupulous and undeviating Cambo. Here was a person accused, tried, and convicted, all in due form; if he was not guilty in fact, he was so in law, and ought to have been so in reality. Perhaps the sagacious judge found that he had let matters go too far to retract at this last stage; be that as it may, the hapless wretch was condemned to death, and, horrible to relate, soon after underwent the sentence of the law.

It was not long before the dreadful truth was brought to light: the real murderer arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to

death for another crime, among other offences, confessed himself guilty of that for which the poor baker had so unjustly suffered, and appealed to Cambo himself for the truth of his assertion; in the very act of plunging his knife into the body of his victim, he had caught the judge's eye, as he stood at the window; he described his dress at the time, and mentioned the circumstance of his cap falling, when he was so near the balcony that the judge must have necessarily remarked his features; indeed, he had given himself up for lost; and was astonished at finding the unfortunate baker arrested, condemned, and executed in his stead, the reasons for which strange proceeding on the part of the judge he had never been able to account for.

The circumstance coming to the ears of the grand master, he sent for Cambo, and soon elicited the whole fact from that precise and straightforward functionary, who still maintained that he had only fulfilled his duty, and acted up to the letter of the law, in consigning an innocent man to a cruel and ignominious death, because it unfortunately happened that the only witness in his favour was his judge. The grand master, it seems, was of a different opinion, for he not only degraded and dismissed Cambo from all his employments, but obliged him to provide handsomely, from his private fortune, for the family of this victim of judicial murder.—*Metropolitan*.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCHLEGEL thus characterizes, as a whole, this beautiful play, which he justly styles a magnificent hymn to love:—

"It was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart, and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners, and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it the highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,—and, at the same time, is a melancholy elegy on its frailty, from its own nature and external circumstances—at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark, that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are, almost in the same moment, set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly bold declaration of love, and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating

convulsions of rapture and despair, to the death of the lovers, who still appear enviable, since their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power; and all these contrasts are so blended, in this harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the imagination resembles a single but endless sigh."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### DEATH-BED OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

(Appendix to a Memoir of His Royal Highness, in the United Service Journal.)

Saturday, November 22, 1834.

I WENT by appointment to Bagshot-park, to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the Duke of Gloucester. It had been settled that only the Duchess was to receive it with him. He had received it at the parish church six weeks ago. The Duke wished previously to see me alone; he was sitting up in his bed, when, taking me by the hand, he said, "My dear S., I am very desirous of receiving the sacrament, and of receiving it from your hands, whom I have known so many years." I said, "Forty." "No," he replied, "not forty till next February." He continued, "Our lives are in the hand of God, and he alone can tell whether I shall recover. My impression now is, that having lasted so long, I shall; twenty-four hours ago I thought not; but I am resigned to his will. To say that I wish to die would be wrong; for that would imply that I thought myself fit to appear in the presence of the Almighty; that I certainly am not. I have sinned against God in thought, word, and deed; but I earnestly repent. There can be no forgiveness, no pardon of sin but through the merits of our blessed Redeemer; every thing depends upon his atonement; his blood can cleanse from all sin. I implore pardon for every thing that I have done amiss. If I have done or said any unkind thing to any person whatever, I am heartily sorry for it; and I sincerely forgive any who have wished to injure me."

All this was said in a manner that convinced me it came from the heart.

He then said, "If every thing is ready, send for the Duchess."

I began with the Communion for the Sick; he repeated the collect after me. During the whole service he always used the first person. When he had finished the collect, he said, "Beautiful!" I then observed, that as he had been confessing his sins and offences against God, I would say the Prayer in the Visitation for the Sick, that follows the Absolution; and he repeated it most devoutly. Before I began the Communion service, he desired me to say what Christ commanded his disciples when they entered

a house. Having said the words, "Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it," he responded, "Amen, amen!"

At the end of the address, "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins," he observed, I cannot kneel, my illness will not permit me; but I hope my heart is humble."

It was his invariable custom in the days of health and strength, whenever he addressed the King of Heaven, to offer up his petition in the humblest posture, "meekly kneeling upon his knees."

In the general confession, "Have mercy upon me," he paused; and then said, "Mercy is every thing. O God have mercy upon you, my dear wife, and my sister, and you, my dear S., and all my gentlemen, and all my friends!" He then began the Confession again, and went through it with great fervour of devotion. Having said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he desired me to stop, and for a considerable time his eyes were fixed on the passage, and he was in deep meditation. He then said, "Now go on." When I had finished that part of the prayer of Consecration, "Drink ye all of this for the remission of sins," he desired me to repeat it, and then added, "I hope for mine also." After "Glory to God in the highest," he began the collect, (not usually said on these occasions,) "Assist us mercifully, O Lord;" and then asked for the Blessing; and after that, for the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This service being completed, he desired me to read part of the Burial Service—"I know that my Redeemer liveth;" but as I was beginning, he complained of exhaustion, and asked me to come on the morrow and read it, as well as the first chapter of St. John's Gospel; at the same time expressing his wish that I would read it when he was dying. He then said, "The Duchess must be much fatigued after all her exertions and kind attentions to me: go with her, and compose her."

Her Royal Highness had conducted herself during the whole trying scene with great calmness and composure, and with no small firmness of mind; for, indeed, it was very affecting. I must add, the Duke expressed his gratitude for all the comforts he enjoyed—for the great attentions he received from the Duchess, from his medical attendant, and all about him; and then said, "By doing this, (laying his hand on the table,) I can have the first physician and surgeon from London, and every comfort to alleviate my sickness, whilst the poor man in the village is taken ill, thrown out of his work, and his family in absolute want." He did not forget the poor in his alms.

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Upon one occasion, in a prayer, he asked me if he might say, *My God*. I answered, yes; he might say more; he might say, "*My Father's God*," quoting Exodus, xv. 2. He took hold of my hands, saying, "Thank you, thank you! O I never knew what happiness was till now!"

On the Thursday following, the Duke again received the Sacrament, with the Princess, his sister, and the Duchess, with the same feelings of true devotion as on the former occasion. In the course of the service he was praying *ex tempore*, and I was particularly struck with the following expressions,—"*O my Saviour! plead for me, plead for me; intercede for me; without thee I am lost. Send thy Holy Spirit to strengthen and support me.*" Afterwards he asked for the *Te Deum*, and when I had finished it, he said, "*Begin again at 'Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!'*" He then desired two prayers to be said out of the Litany, which his father had asked for on his death-bed.

I never witnessed a more gratifying scene. It was truly delightful to see three persons of the highest rank in life so entirely forgetting all earthly grandeur, and desirous only of throwing themselves at the feet of their Saviour, and pleading his atonement as the sole ground of their hope of pardon and forgiveness! O that we had many such examples of piety and humility amongst the great ones of our land!

The outer man was visibly decaying; but, blessed be God, the inner man was renewing day by day. On Saturday he was very weak, and his voice feeble. He then said to me, "*You are my chaplain; you stand between me and my God: pray for me; go and pray for me now.*" During the night, he said distinctly the following short, but fervent and effectual prayer—the prayer of the humble publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner!" Not long afterwards he became insensible, and remained in that state for about twelve hours; when, near seven o'clock on *Advent Sunday*, without a groan or a sigh, "he fell asleep," and angels bore the immortal spirit to the bosom of his Saviour and his God.

Multis ille bonis seclis occidit!

T. SNELL.

### The Gatherer.

*St. Giles's*.—The general corruption of manners among the lower orders in *St. Giles's*, owing to the continued influx of poor in this district, (says Mr. Dobie,) is noticed by Hogarth in his prints: the scene of his *Harlot's Progress* is laid in Drury-lane; Tom Nero, in his *Four Stages of Cruelty*, is a *St. Giles's* charity boy. His *Gin-street* is situated in

*St. Giles's*; and in a night cellar in the same parish the *Idle Apprentice* is supposed to be taken up for murder. Fielding also strictly agrees with the truth of these representations, in a pamphlet published a few years afterwards, when he mentions to have had it as information from Mr. Welch, then high-constable of Holborn, that "in the parish of *St. Giles's* there were a great number of idle persons and vagabonds, who have their lodgings there for twopence per night. That in the above parish, and *St. George's, Bloomsbury*, one woman alone occupies seven of these houses, all properly accommodated with miserable beds, from the cellar to the garret, for such twopenny lodgers. That in these beds, several of which are in the same room, men and women, often strangers to each other, lie promiscuously, the price of a double bed being no more than three-halfpence. That in these places gin is sold at a penny a quatern; so that the smallest sum of money serves for intoxication. That in execution of search-warrants, Mr. Welch rarely finds less than twenty of these houses open for the receipt of all comers at the latest hours; and that in one of these houses, and that not a large one, he hath numbered fifty-eight persons of both sexes."

W. G. C.

Rev. Edward Irving acted in *Ryder's* company, in *Kirkaldy* (a few miles from Edinburgh), about twenty-four years since, and was then passionately devoted to the stage. The obliquity of his vision, his dialect, and peculiarly awkward gait and manner, created so much derision, that he left the stage for the pulpit, after about three months' probation.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

*Gin*.—The expense incurred in fitting up gin-shop bars, (says a recent writer,) is almost incredible, every one vying with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass work, finely-veined mahogany, gilding, and ornamental painting. Time was when gin was only to be found in by-lanes and blind-alleys—in dirty obscure holes, called dram-shops; but now gin is become a giant demigod—a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy, gold-bespattered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Juggernaut is but a fool to him, for the devotees of Juggernaut, though they put themselves into the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot wheels, are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the great spirit *Gin* devote themselves to lingering misery: for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, miserable existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish, to steep themselves in poverty

to the very lips, and die at last poor and despised paupers. In these temples of the great spirit Gin, may be seen unwashed multitudes—the old and young, grandsires and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding, jostling, and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the flaunting priestesses dole out to them in return for their copper offerings.

W. G. C.

**Drunkenness.**—In the city of Mexico, tumbrils are sent round by the police to take up those who are drunk. They are kept a night, and made to work in the streets for three days with a ring round their ankle.

**Premiers,** from the accession of George III. to the present period:—Earl of Bute, May, 1762; Mr. Grenville, April, 1763; Marquess of Buckingham, July, 1765; Duke of Grafton, August, 1766; Lord North, January, 1770; Marquess of Rockingham, March, 1782; Lord Selbourne, July, 1782; Duke of Portland, April, 1783; Mr. Pitt, December, 1783; Mr. Addington, March, 1801; Mr. Pitt, May, 1804; Lord Grenville, January, 1806; Duke of Portland, March, 1807; Mr. Percival, June, 1810; Lord Liverpool, June, 1812; Mr. Canning, April, 1827; Lord Goderich, August, 1827; Duke of Wellington, January, 1828; Earl Grey, November, 1830; Lord Melbourne, June, 1834; and Sir Robert Peel, December, 1834.

At Abingdon, in Berkshire, the first Sunday the new mayor goes to church after his election, the people of the town adorn the outside of their houses with boughs and garlands of flowers, and the paths are strewn with rushes. This ceremony is more particularly attended to in the street where the mayor happens to live, and his house is distinguished by extraordinary decorations.

**Crying and Laughing.**—A man is mentioned by Thomas Coryate, in his *Crudities*, who had acquired so complete a command over the muscles of his face, that he could cry on one side and laugh on the other, at one and the same time.

During Passion Week in Italy, Sicily, &c., all clocks and bells are silenced; and this principle was carried so far at Malta, that even the governor's dinner-bell, in the time of Sir Hildebrand Oakes, was dismounted by the Maltese part of his establishment.

**Native Eloquence.**—The following extract from a speech before the governor and assembly of Pennsylvania, by the chief of the Menomones, has all the figurative energy of Indian eloquence:—"Brother: we see your house. It is large and beautiful. But the Council House of the Red Man is much larger. The earth is the floor; the clear sky is the roof; a blazing fire is the chair of the Chief Orator, and the green grass the seats

of our Chiefs. You speak by papers, and record your words in books; but we speak from our hearts, and memory records our words in the hearts of our people."

Ulloa remarks, that the immoderate use of spirituous liquors made more havoc among the Indian population of Peru in a twelvemonth, than the mines in half a century.

**The Teeth.**—According to M. La Baume, the tartar on the teeth is produced in the same manner as coral, by animalculæ, which after having formed the nidus, insinuate themselves between the gums and the teeth, causing diseases of both. Washing the teeth with vinegar and a brush will, in a few days, remove the tartar; and the use of powdered charcoal and the tincture of rhatany will effectually prevent its formation.

**Witchcraft.**—Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, tells her, "It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour fadeth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practise farther than upon the subject." John Bell, minister of the gospel at Glaidsmuir, says, "Providently two tests appeared to discover the crime: if the witch cries out, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' when apprehended; and the inability of shedding tears: because, as a witch could only shed three tears, and those with her left eye, her stock was quickly exhausted; and that was the more striking, as King James I. shrewdly observes, 'since other women in general are like the crocodile ready to weep upon every slight occasion.'" W. G. C.

**Fish.**—The natives of Sinde believe that fish diet prostrates the understanding; and, in palliation of ignorance in any one, they often plead that "he is but a fish-eater."

In Paraguay, the violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(From the *Literary Gazette*, March 7, 1835.)

"We have only to repeat our praise of our diligent and enterprising contemporary. This volume contains more than a usual portion of good original matter; and the selections are, as heretofore, made with judgment."

(From the *Athenæum*, Feb. 28, 1835.)

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